

see Ferguson's body. Instead, they looked at the body of the tramp.

"Will you bare his arms at the shoulder?" asked the iron master.

The attendants did so and disclosed a five-pointed star tattooed in black India link on each upper arm.

"Yes, I can identify him," said he briefly. "I will let you hear from me tomorrow." He gave the morgue keeper his card and withdrew.

Two days afterward the body of John Ferguson, incased in a great cedar and rosewood coffin, was shipped to his town. But it did not go alone. In another coffin, equally handsome, was the body of the tramp, and when John Ferguson was laid away in his vault, in another old and long unused vault near by was laid the tramp.

It was that of John Ferguson

Jee, we knew that that was who he made from the things in his pockets."

Will the morgue keeper, "but we had you take make sure."

Does any one know how this happeds," asked the agent.

He want in at the North river last littl," answered the man. "A policeman the scouple of citizens saw a man in a lit overcoat hurrying along near a pier in west street, running to catch a Pennsil will be ferryboat, when he slipped on the set street, running out and shoving list of lee in front of it, and it must have set him right along. If it hadn't been in the lee, we wouldn't have got him so look. That big fur overcoat would have seak him deep. But it got fast in a flocula the flow affected up around the Battery at up the East river with the next flood, we carried him almost to our doors. The set picked him hip not a hundred yards at in front here."

The morgue keeper led Harland into the fille office. And Mr. William Harland, still buying

tramp.

It is got fast in a floc set the flow drifted up around the Battery at the flow drifted up around the Battery at the five with the next flood, the carried him almost to our doors. The feel pecked aim by not a hundred yards at in front here.

The morgue keeper led Harland into the like office.

Here are his things," said be; "his gold like, and a beauty, too, she is, \$400-odd tars in bills and a couple of checks, a virtue of letters and two memorandum books he, hold on a minute. This old morandum book here isn't his. We got that from a tramp who was brought in a same time. Funny thing, too, about his," said the morgue keeper. "He was saing hot fifty feet away from your fleed, and it's queer that the tides led the morgue has been discussed by the sum of the city some time yesterday. Guess he is formation of the battered, dog-eared, the cold book lily as he spoke, and listing a bridge and go in."

Be opened the battered, dog-eared, the cold book lily as he spoke, and little-page. "You must be mistaken."

Mo I'm not mistaken at all," said the field of the Scotchman, for he was as gay and listing a bridge and go in."

Their partnership prospered, and in all hat came Hammond shared equally, even after he, spelled by prosperity, had ecased to give much time to the works, while Ferguson spent more and more of his life and their fame and stress.

They were rich men early in the '70s. They were rich men early for many limits of the bill to take his wife great house on the hill to take his wife.

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woman, and will be sent free in plain envelope by addressing application to Bradfield Regulator Co. Atlanta, Ga.

also healthy, strong and

uling face. But they knew that, side by side with his passion for money, there burned a far mightler one.

burned a far mightler one.

They had watched it grow from that first moment when John Ferguson searched his house madiy for weapons that he might follow and destroy the man and the woman. They had watched it change slowly, steadily, into a fiercer mood, till a brain as cold as ice, working in conjunction with a burning heart, at last perfected his plan—to let them live, but never, never, to give them a moment's peace.

in conjunction with a burning heart, at last perfected his plan—to let them live, but never, never, to give them a moment's peace.

His wealth grew in his hands like a snowball set to rolling. It was in the time of the making of the great iron kings of the Appalachian region, and this man, whom we call John Ferguson here, became an Iron king. As fast as he made his money he hurled it back into the flery pits of his works to create still more.

Of all that money, he did not spend as much for himself as many of his leaser comployees spent on their little lives—except for one secret, absorbing joy.

Only a certain great New York firm of detectives knows how much John Ferguson spent on that joy.

But the money was well spent, from the point of view of the man who spent it. Never for a single day, from the day that his plan was formed, was John Ferguson ignorant of the whereabouts of "Dickie" Hammond and the woman.

They had married, and they had a child. Weary of foreign countries, they had returned to America in 1888. Then Hammond, more to occupy his mind than anything else, went into Wall street.

The game went his way and it pleased him. He dropped poker for it. In 1835 he had put all that he owned into the stakes on the table of the stock exchange.

It was a day of fights and sudden truces truces and sudden fights between the big Americans of money. One week after Hammond had set down to his big game, a report came to John Ferguson from the detective firm. Three days after that a sudden oght, sharp, hot and unaccountable, broke out. John Ferguson from the detective firm. Three days after that a sudden oght, sharp, hot and unaccountable, broke out. John Ferguson from the detective firm. Three days after that a sudden oght, sharp, hot and unaccountable, broke out. John Ferguson from the detective firm the way and it is written down in the records of the Monte Carlo of New York that the little war cost him half a million.

But on the same day Dick Hammond ent home ruined.

He was not left in Ignorance. The next da

On the day before Christmas, 1835, Hammend and his family were not only living in a mean lodging far on the West Side of town, but they were without food. "Dickle," the polo player, the man-about-town, turned up his trousers to hide the frayed edges and waited humbly in the outer office of a former friend in Wall street, for an answer to his appeal for work.

The friend was a good fellow. He took Hammond in and made a place for him in

once more.
Again he drifted to New York, and

Again he drifted to New York, and there, after trying many other things, a champagne house gave him the opening that is given to so many society men when they get "down on their luck." They made him a champagne salesman, or "boomer."

One night, at the annual ball of a society famous for the orgies attending the affair. Thickie "Hammond, with a party of men and women more or less drunk, became mixed up in one of the fights that are the features of the occasion. It wasn't a particularly bad one—no worse than a

TEA

Buy a lb Schilling's Best -don't like it? It costs you nothing.

Your grocer returns your money if you don't like

But the victim | conscious thought of what was left of his was hurt enough to be taken to a hos- being

had learned mysteriously that he was to be employed; and he had sent orders to had struck the woman for the first time-but not the last.

In 1855 two sliabby people took the hody of a child to a poor grave in the poorest part of Greenwood cemetery in a single cartiage, for which they betrowed the money.

A score of times Hammond's friends had tied to rescue them, Successively he had been glaced in positions. Several times of regaining some sort of footing. But each time, as if an unseen hand had reached out to pull alm back, something of regaining some sort of footing. But each time, as if an unseen hand had reached out to pull alm back, something.

Convinced at last that John Ferguson was 'making good,' he fled from New York and worked his way slowly westward. In an Ohio town, under an assumed name, he began to turn his old knowledge of rean to account. A little prosperity ward in an Ohio town, under an assumed name, he began to turn his old knowledge of rean to account. A little prosperity ward in an Ohio town, under an assumed name, he began to turn his old knowledge of rean to account. A little prosperity ward in the order of the morning of the day on which the contract was to be signed a new bidder appeared, with figures cut down far below the cost price. It did not take him long to discover that John Ferguson was behind the contract was to be signed a new bidder appeared, with figures cut down far below the cost price. It did not take him long to discover that John Ferguson was behind the contract was to be signed a new bidder appeared, with figures cut down far below the cost price. It did not take him long to discover that John Ferguson was mane appeared as to new owner of the mine.

Then the was the lowest bidder. But the work is a fa



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dozen others that night. But the victim was hert enough to be taken to a hospital.

Hammond thought that a fine in the morning and a money payment to the injured man would settle it, especially as the person assailed was only a race track tout. But, strangely enough, the victim was not inclined to be "squared," as his kind usually is. There were doctors certificates and witnesses to prove that the affair was a serious criminal assault. Money was spent by somebody with such effect that Hammond was held for trial.

Bull was furnished by his ilrm, but Hammond did not wait for trial. Terror had come to him.

He field the same night, leaving his wife penniless.

She was buried in potters' field one day, but Hammond never knew it. He was tramping through the country, heedless of all except that he wanted to hide him self away from his pursuer.

He did not try again to recover his lost standing. He became a drinkard, living in low dives in the cities in winter and the country, he silpped with weakness, for all leading druggists.

